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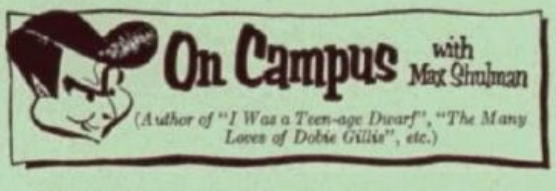


A GUIDE FOR THE UNMONEYED

R. L. Signfoos was a keen, ambitious lad, and when he finished high school he wished mightily to go on with his education. It seemed, however, a forlorn hope. R. L.'s father could not send the boy to college because a series of crop failures had brought him to the brink of disaster. (R. L.'s father raised orchids which, in North Dakota, is a form of agriculture fraught with risk.)

It was, therefore, squarely up to R. L. He could go to college only if he worked his way through. This was a prospect that dismayed him. He had a deep-seated fear that the task would be too great, that he would never be able to carry on a full, busy college life and still find time to do odd jobs and make money.

Racked with misgivings, R. L. paced the streets, pondering his dilemma. One day, walking and brooding, he came upon a park bench and sat down and lit a Marlboro cigarette. R. L. always lit a Marlboro when he was low in his mind. R. L. also always lit a Marlboro when he was merry. The fact is there is no occasion—happy or sad, pensive or exuberant, cheery or solemn—when Marlboro with its fine filter and fine flavor is not entirely welcome, as you will discover when you go to your favorite tobacconist and buy some, as we—the makers of Marlboro and I and R. L. Signfoos—hope you will do real soon.

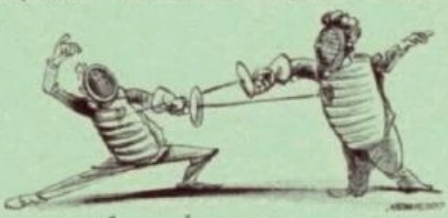
Sitting and thinking and smoking a Marlboro on the park bench, R. L. was suddenly interrupted by a small, quavering voice which said, "My boy, you are troubled. Can I help?"

Seated beside R. L. was a tiny, gnarled man with wispy, snow-white hair. His skin was almost transparent, showing a delicate tracery of fragile bones beneath. His back was bent, and his hands trembled. But his eyes were bright and clear. R. L. looked into those eyes, into the wrinkled face. He saw wisdom there, and experience, and kindness. "Do you think, sir," said R. L., "that a boy can work his way through college and still enjoy a rich, full campus life?"

"Why, bless you, son," replied the stranger with a rheumy chuckle, "of course you can. In fact, I did it myself."

"Was it very hard?" asked R. L.

"Yes, it was hard," the stranger admitted. "But when one is young, all things are possible. I, for example, used to get up at five o'clock every morning to stoke the furnace at the SAE house. At six I had to milk the ewes at the school of animal husbandry. At seven I gave a fencing lesson to the Dean of Women. At eight I had a class in early Runic poets. At nine I gave haircuts at the Gamma Phi Beta house. At ten I had differential calculus. At eleven I posed for a life class. At twelve I watered soup at the Union. At one I had a class in Oriental languages. At two I exercised the mice in psych lab. At three I gave the Dean of Women another fencing lesson. At four I had qualitative analysis.



I gave a fencing lesson to the Dean of Women

At five I went clamming. At six I cut meat for the football team. At seven I ushed at the movies. At eight I had my ears pierced so that at nine I could tell fortunes in a gypsy tearoom. At ten I had a class in astronomy. At eleven I tucked in the football team. At twelve I studied and at three I went to sleep."

"Sir," cried R. L., "I am moved and inspired by your shining example!"

"It was nothing," said the stranger modestly, shaking his frail white head. "It was just hard work, and hard work never hurt anybody."

"Would you mind telling me, sir," said R. L., "how old you are now?"

"Twenty-two," said the stranger.

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You don't have to be a rich man's son or daughter to enjoy Marlboro cigarettes, available in soft-pack or flip-top box at your favorite tobacco counter.

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